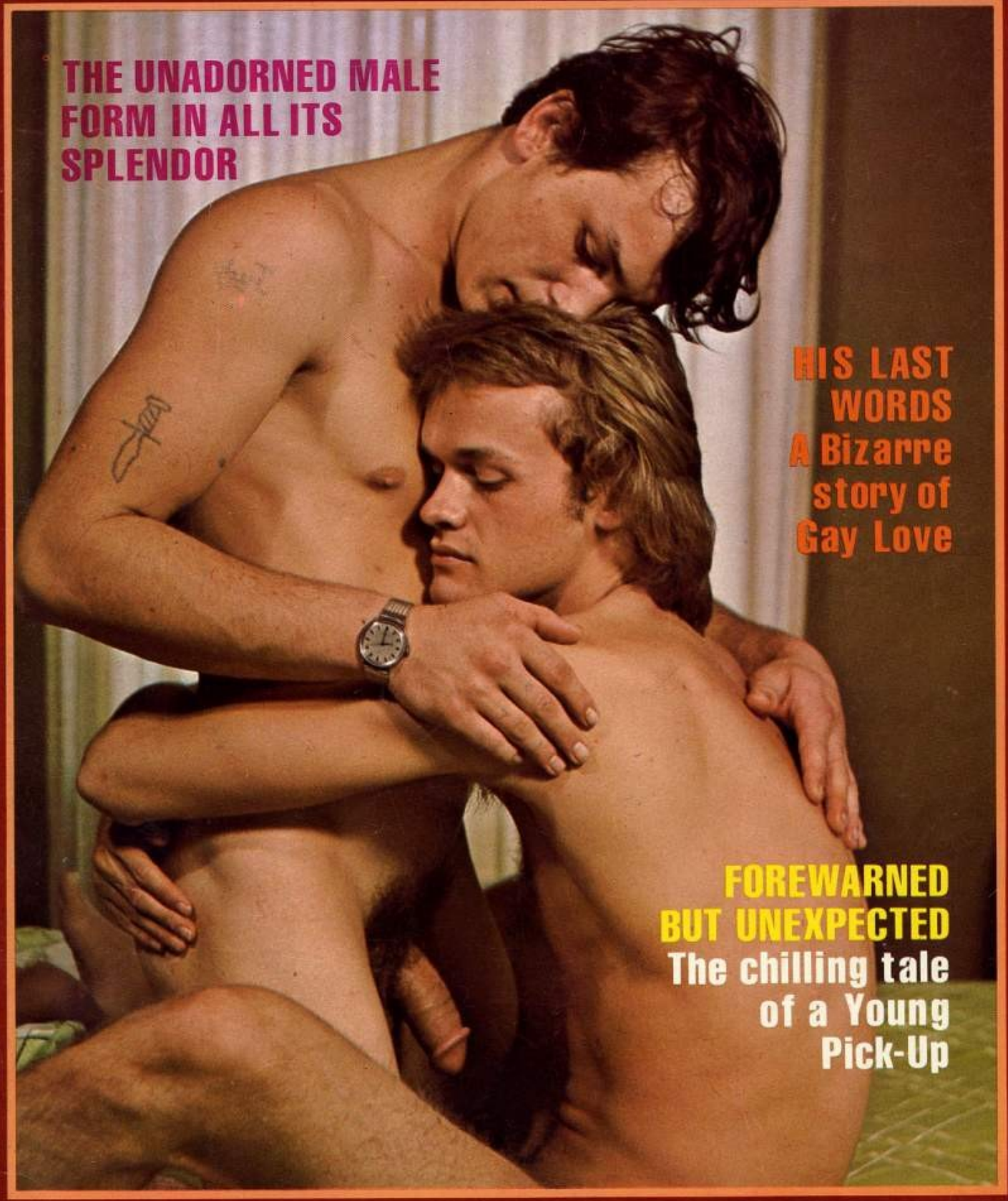
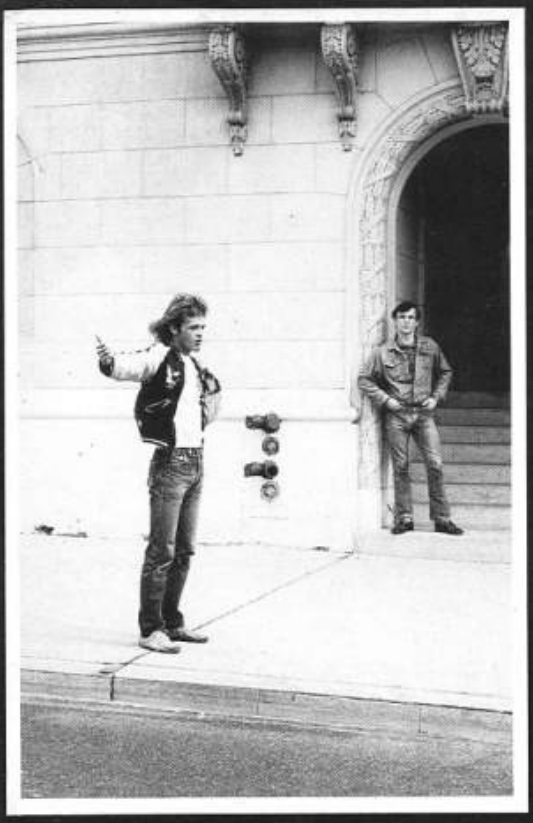
Forced Entry

VOLUME ONE,
NUMBER ONE


THE UNADORNED MALE FORM IN ALL ITS SPLENDOR
HIS LAST WORDS
A Bizarre story of Gay Love
FOREWARNED BUT UNEXPECTED
The chilling tale of a Young Pick-Up

FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY · SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED



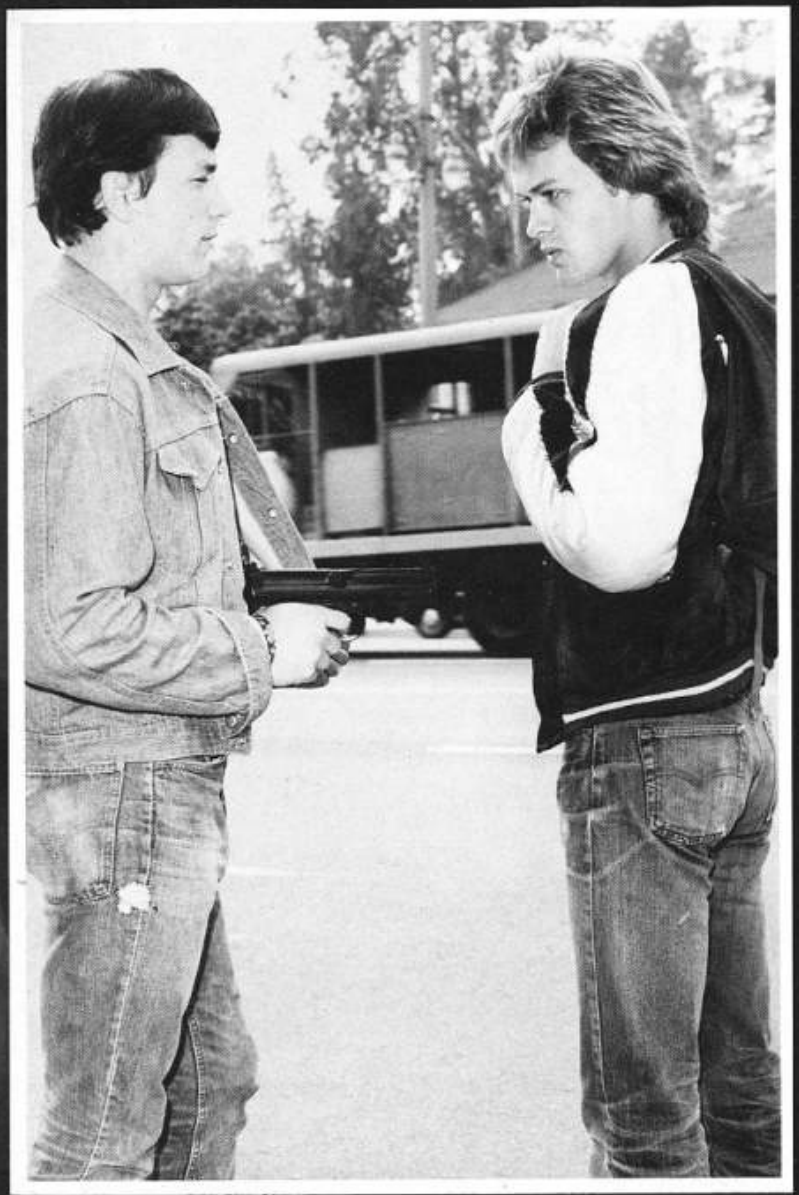
Forewarned But Unexpected

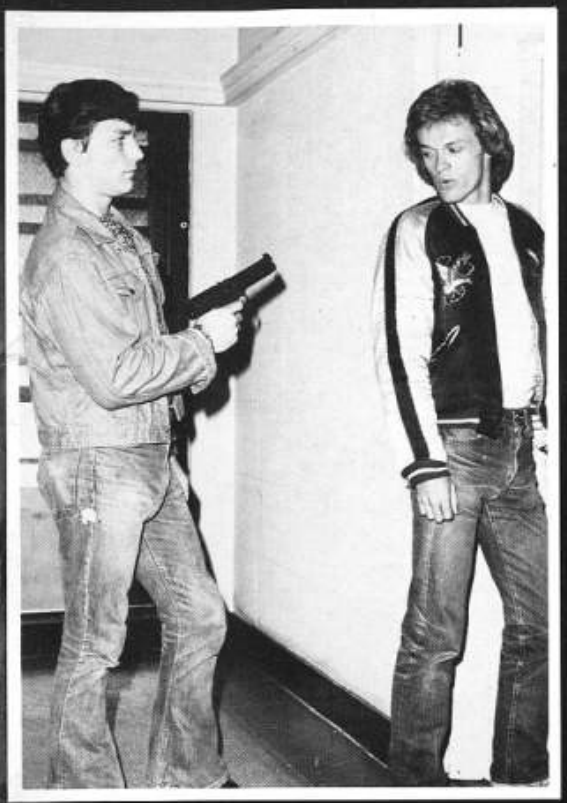
by LYN PEDERSEN

I was hitchhiking out to the Valley, trying to blot some bad memories from my mind, when I suddenly got another feeling like a premonition. Not clear like the first one, but an unmistakable series of images that blazed up in my mind and settled like lead in my gut.

First I saw a gun, a heavy pistol, then a face looking almost like Raymond's, then prison bars, then I had a feeling of a long, lonely wait, and finally a feeling of joy and of things being all right. . . .

Then it faded out, and I saw





just the cars passing down toward the freeway. My hitchhiking hand had flopped down by my side, but I put it back up and took a deep breath. Was I some way thumbing it right to prison? What the hell? Half my mind was saying it'd serve me right for not warning Ray . . . but what difference would that have made? We'd of been sent out in the bush next day anyhow. . . .

My Aunt Harriet usta always say how she could foresee things, and once she told me I had the gift, but I always put that down as bullshit, until that awful day in S.E. Asia when Raymond stepped on a landmine and exploded blood and guts all over me. I'd had a vision of it the night before, seen it happen real clear, and even seen that fuckin general pin a medal on me for only getting a few metal fragments in my hide. I'd seen it the night before while I was sliding my cock up Ray's sweet butt, and all the time I'd been fucking Ray he was talking about how after he got home he was gonna set up a service station and did I wanta come in with him. And I said, joking, that he wasn't goin

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back in one piece nohow, so why didn't he just lay still and enjoy gettin fucked? And that was when I saw it—and I been trying to forget ever since. . . .

I tensed up again, even before I felt the hand on my shoulder, and turned around really expecting to see Raymond.

The guy who was standing there looked a damn site like him.

"Come with me," he said, stern-like, then he grinned. I guess I looked like I'd just seen a ghost.

"What for? Who're you?"

"Ya want a ride, don't ya? I'll take ya where yer goin." His hand was still on my shoulder. Raymond's hand had often felt just like that.

I guessed he'd had a car parked down the street, but instead he led me toward the door. Then I told him to get lost.

He pulled a gun, the same mean-looking pistol I'd just had a vision of. He told me to start moving and ask questions later. So I started moving. I also noticed, just before I turned and started toward the apartment entrance he'd pointed me to, that he got a hard-on soon's he pulled the gun. So'd I, though I didn't figure it was likely a lovemaking session he had in mind.

But the next thing he said, just as I was going in the building was, "You got a nice, trim rear end. Think this gun'd fit up there?"

He slipped the gun into his jacket once as we passed an old lady in the hall. She went on by, hardly

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LOVE

seeing us, and he said, "Glad you didn't get any ideas. This thing could of taken care of her and you too."

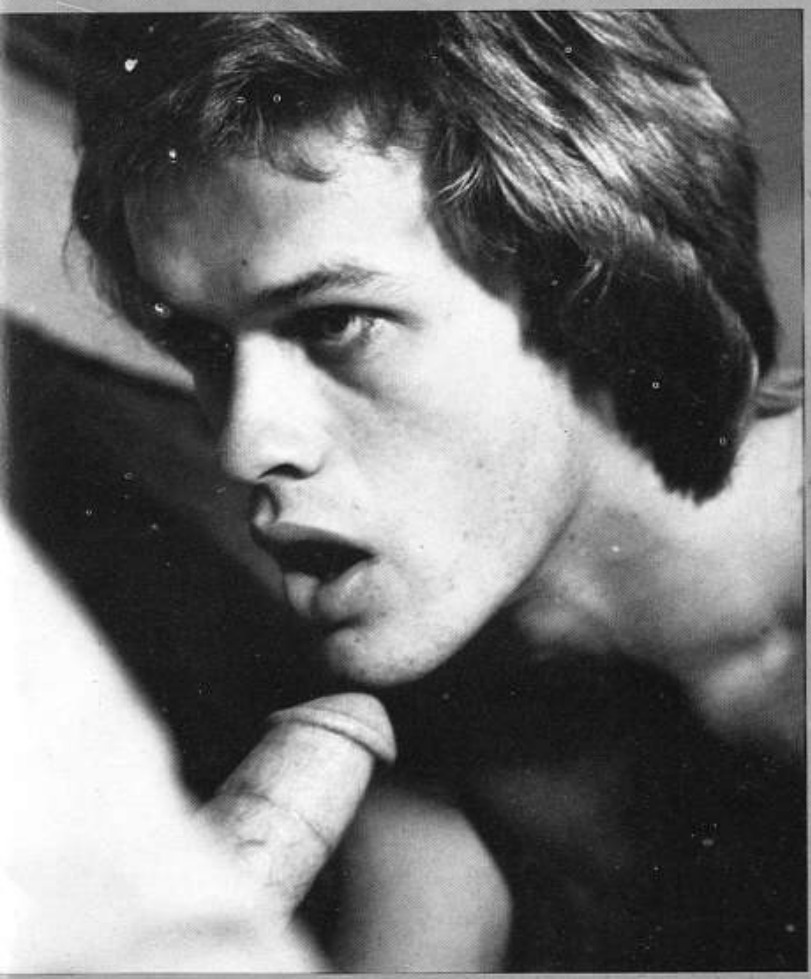
He steered me into a room on the fifth floor, locked the door and asked me if I'd ever used a gun.

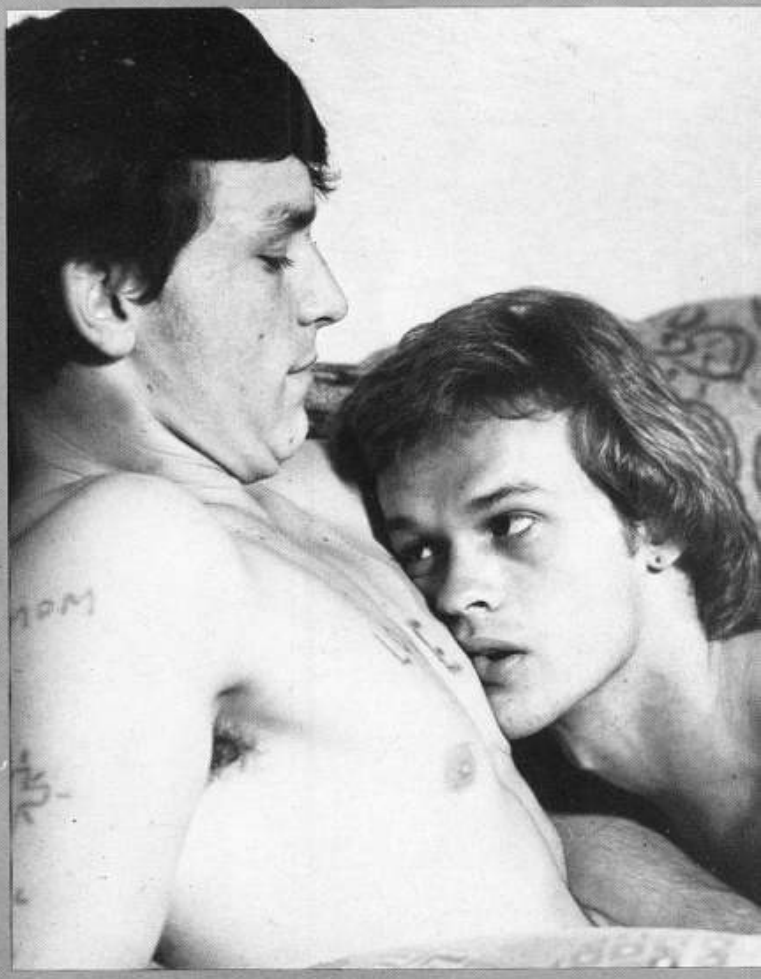
"Not that kind," I said, "but I did my fuckin share over in Viet Nam."

"This gun killed a man less'n an hour ago," he said. He shuddered a second before he got that hard look back. "I didn't do it, but I was involved, so's far's the law's concerned, it won't make it any worse for me if I kill you now."

"Go ahead," I said, doubting that was what he had in mind.

"No. Not yet, anyhow. I want you to suck me off. The guy that got shot was just a kid, filling station attendant. Looked kinda like you. And it got my balls in a uproar. I want you to take care of em, then maybe I'll let ya go. Maybe."





pointed at my head, asking me twice did I think my brains would spatter.

Three times I thought he was about to come, and I was leaking bad in my own jeans. Then he told me to undress, saying he still wanted to see if the pistol'd fit up my ass.

He asked what my name was. Tony Aaronson, I said. He said his was Bill, then he started talking about the holdup.

"I didn't mean to get involved. . . . I been in enough trouble before. . . . I knew what they was planning, but I didn't know they had a gun, and I sure didn't think they'd kill anybody. . . . Then it was all over, and they took off with the bread and I was left holding the gun. . . . I think I was gonna use it on myself, then I saw you."

I was on the couch then, about as worked up with really wanting a guy as I've ever been, at least

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He motioned with the gun for me to stoop down. I did, and opened his pants and shirt, my hands trembling, because it was the same way Raymond had stood, except for not having a gun in his hand, the last time I went down on him, before I browned him. . . .

"You pack a better pistol between yer legs than the one ya got in your hand," I said.

"Well, you just get your head working on it, and hope they don't both come at the same time."

I laughed, not an easy laugh, but not a scared one either. "If I gotta go, I can't think of anything I'd rather be doing when it happens." Then I went to work on him. It was the first dick I'd sucked since Raymond's, and I went after it like I was starving. The fact that he looked so much like Ray helped. I kept sucking while he took off his clothes, most of the time keeping that pistol

since Ray, and Bill was crouchin over me, not at all menacing looking now. He'd laid the gun down on the table, though I doubt he'd even noticed it wasn't in his hand. The word "LOVE" on his chest had me hypnotized, and we both were charged up by the vibrations passing back and forth. The whole situation had changed. We made love, and it was like I was trying to calm him down, to somehow make up for his having got mixed up in a holdup-killing, and to make up for my not warning Raymond about that land mine. He looked even more like Ray with his clothes off, except for the tattoos. Ray had hated the idea of having his body, or mine, marked up, even saying he'd rather die than come out scarred up.

We kissed, and it was the hottest kiss I'd ever had. Raymond was pretty uptight about guys kissing. This Bill sure wasn't. His tongue pressed into my mouth, explored around my teeth and gums, then drew my tongue deep into his own hot mouth, where he had a long tongue-duel.

Then I asked about the apartment. He said it was a friend's and that he was free to use it whenever he wanted. "But I guess the state'll be giving me an apartment, soon's they catch me."

"What do you plan to do?"

"Shit! I don't know! I ain't a killer, but I'm as good as convicted. But I don't wanta go thru all that shit about whether I was an accomplice or not. That's why I picked you up. So I could have my own clean case, my own murder trial and not get tangled up with them guys."

He had the gun back in his hand. I bent over to kiss it and said it was up to him, whatever he wanted to do. Then I went back down on him, soft, with a lot of feeling. I wasn't just putting on. I was in love.

He trembled as he bent over me and did to my meat what I was doing to his. He was good at it. I

got the feeling that he too was getting into a real heavy scene. Then I surprised him with what happens to my cock when I *really* turn on good. My cock usually gets to a fairly good size when it's hard and stays that way, but every once in a while, something extra happens and I gain another couple inches. My cockhead was already deep in Bill's throat when that happened. He nearly choked, but he hung on, enjoying it, and really riding it til we both came.

"Tony, if yer tongue's as good as yer cock," he said after that, "I might forget about that gun."

So I tongued him, starting down around his butt, working all over him, finally back down into his crotch again, under his heavy

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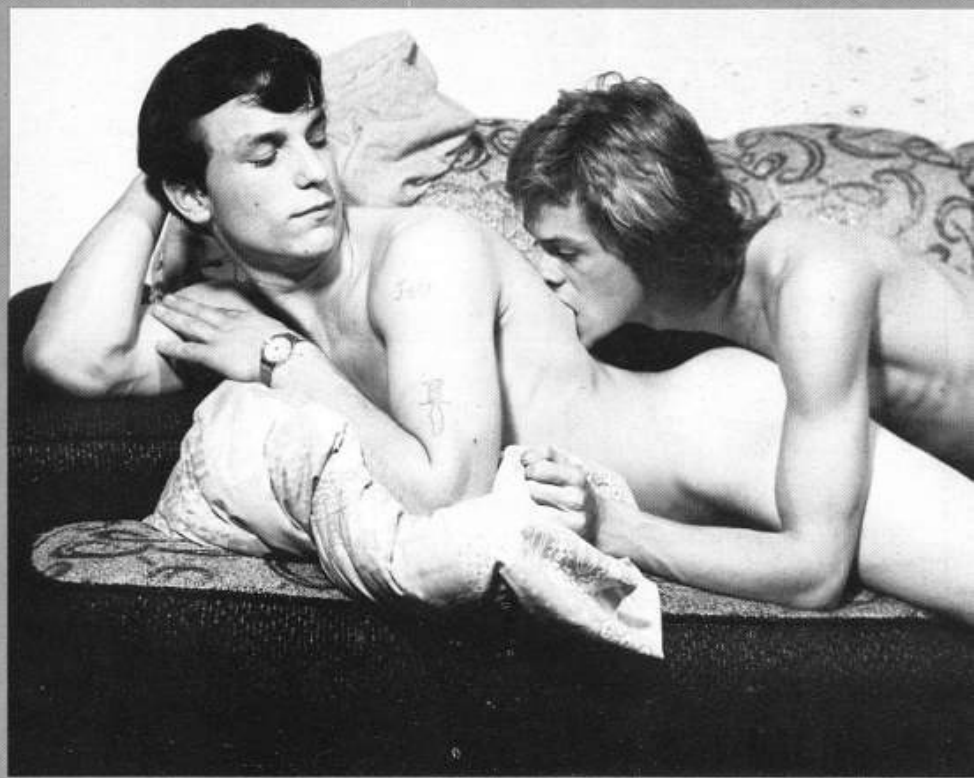
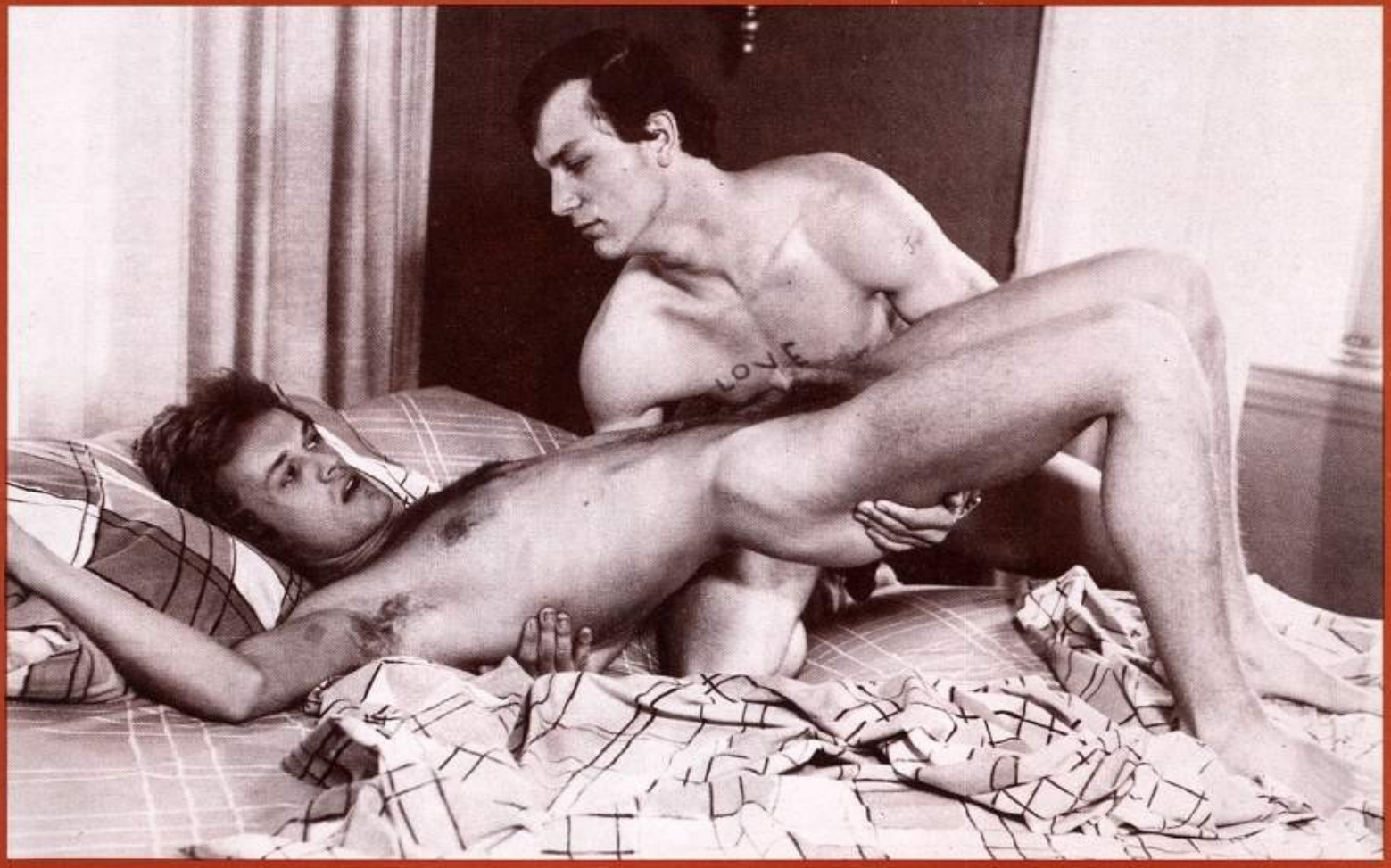
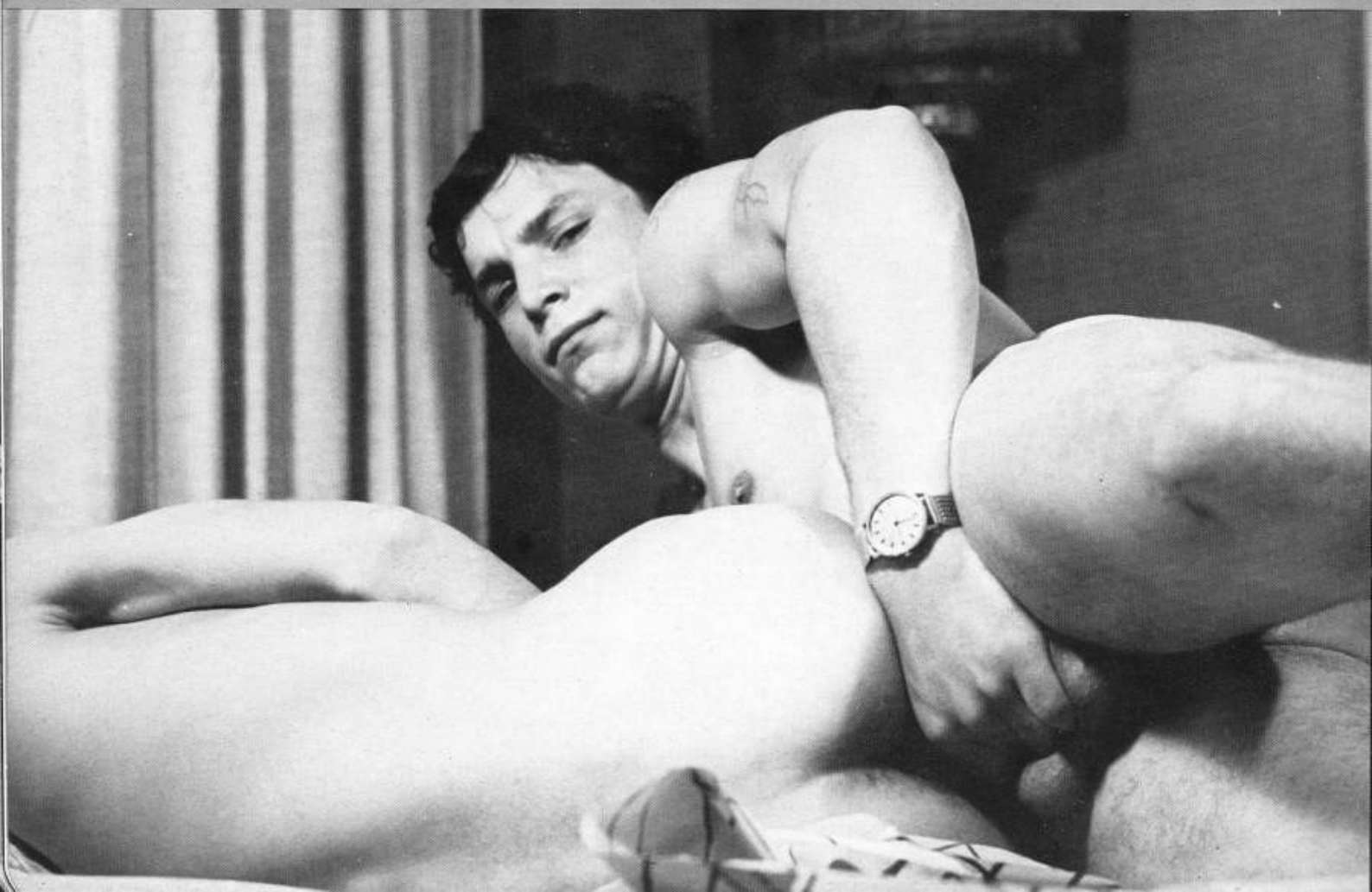



LOVE

LOVE



balls and pushing in between his cheeks.

"Christ! You're good!" he said.

"Can I fuck ya?" he asked. "Might be a long time fore I get another chance, them cops get here."

"I want you to. Your brother never would."

It was thick and blunt, and we didn't take time to get any lubricant. It pressed in slow, like it was ripping my flesh open, more painful than anything I've ever felt, even the shell fragments that time, but it was a wonderful pain, and when the pain eased off it was the most glorious thing I'd ever felt.

It must of taken a lot longer than it seemed to either of us.

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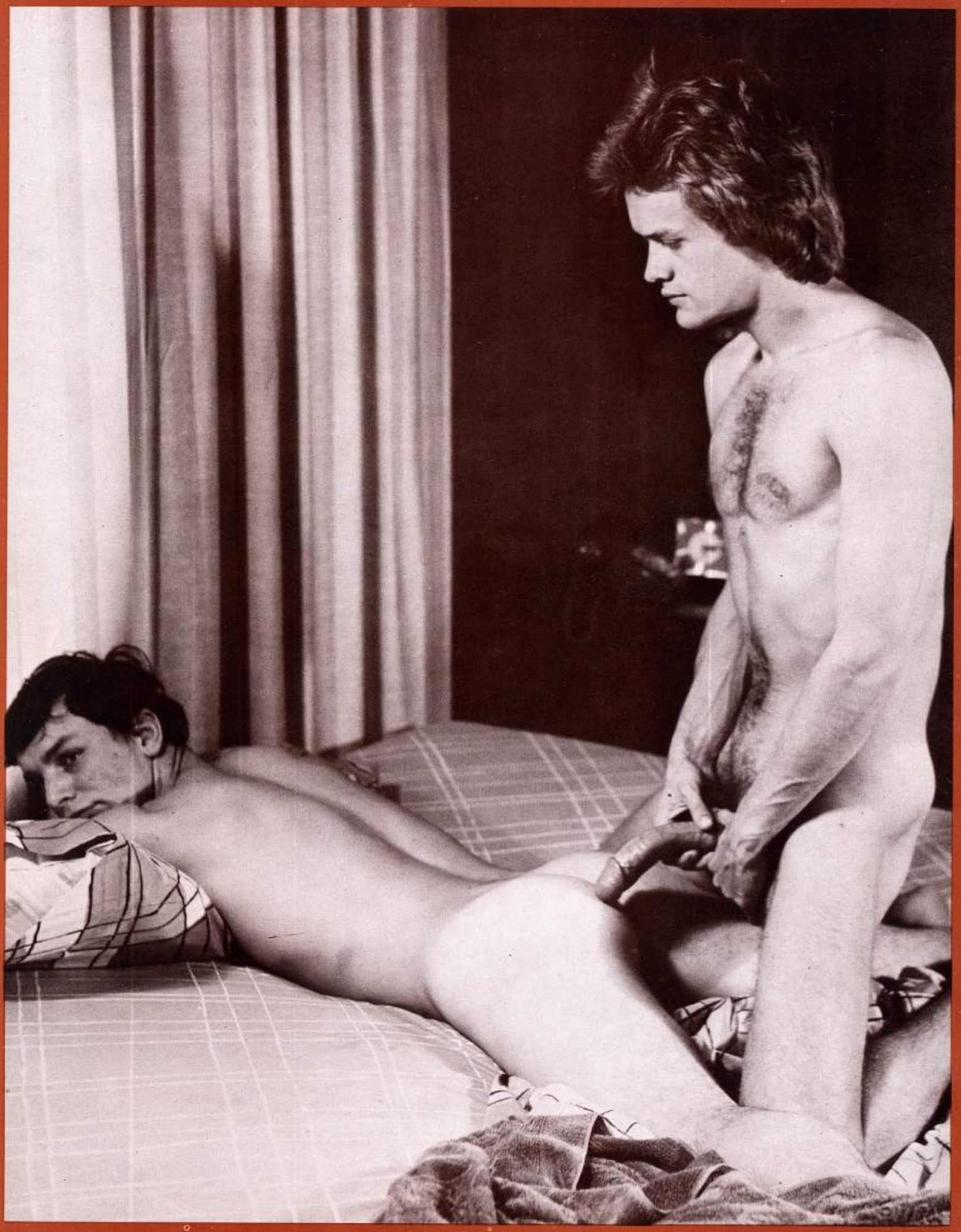


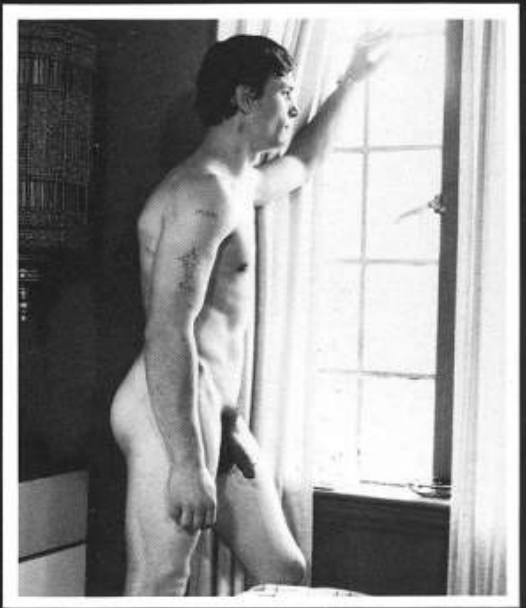
There was a loud banging on the door. "Police! Open up in there!"

Bill bellowed out, "Give me another 45 minutes, or else come in shooting!"

They waited. I took his cum in my bowels, vowing to try to hold it in there.

"Could you fuck me too?" he asked. "Or do you want to get outa here before I face the fuzz?"

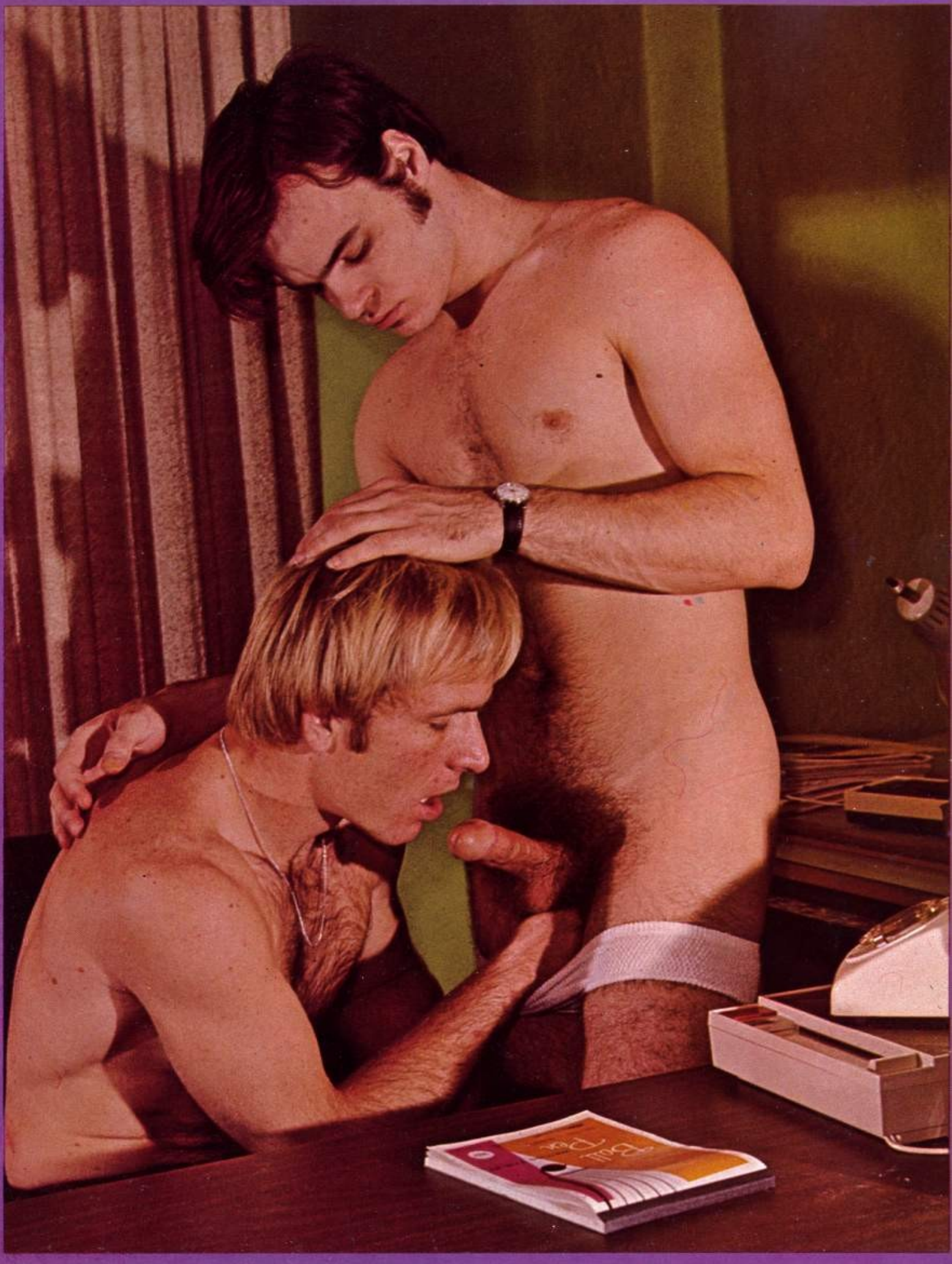
"Roll over, love," I said, and I stuffed my plug up his bung and started pumping, harder than I've ever fucked anybody before. I think I was doing it for Bill and for Raymond both.



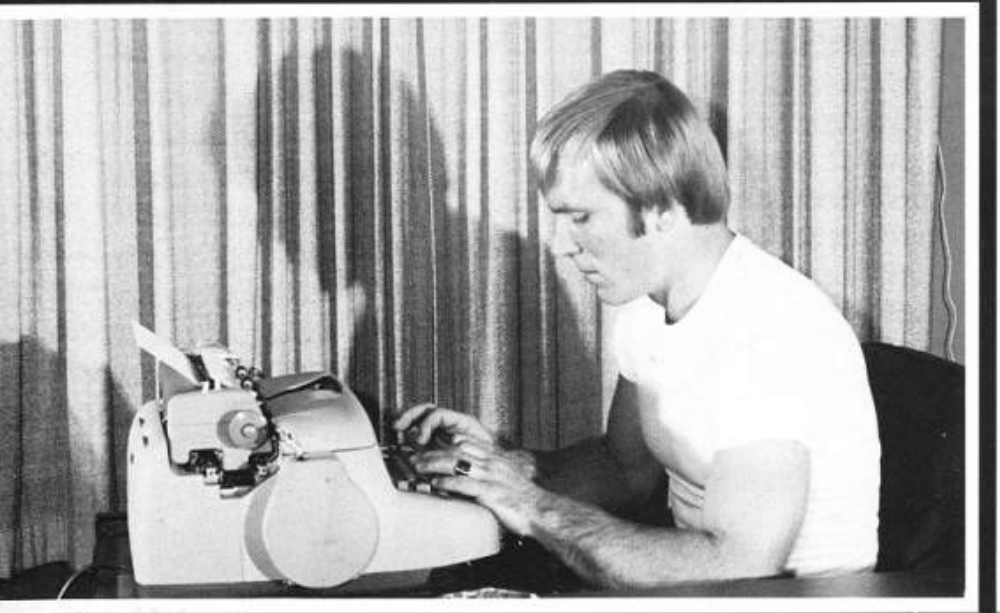
"I think I'm gonna be jealous of my dead brother," he said.

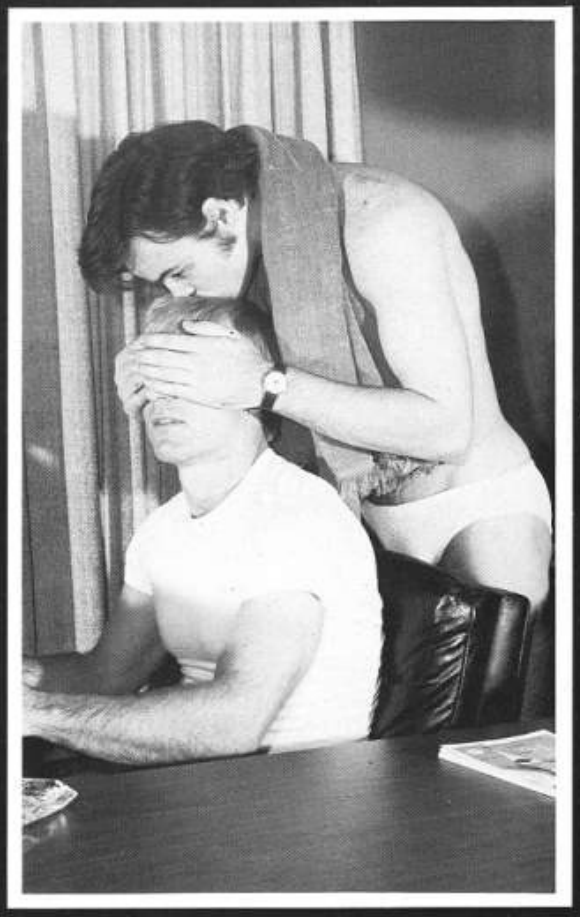
Then he got up and went to the window. "Looks like half the LAPD down there in the parking lot. Sure hope I can get bail so I can see you some before the trial."

"I'll be at the trial anyhow," I said, and as he walked over to let the police in, I got another intuition. "It's only going to be a year's wait," I said.



His Last Words





by LYN PEDERSEN

How the shit do I get outa this? I thought as I hung up the phone.

Mike Hamilton was a kid I just about raped in high school. I did rape him really, and he didn't like it one bit. We'd been close friends up to then, but he never spoke to me afterward, and I was lucky he didn't go to the principal, or the police, or to my folks. All that was six years back and 1200 miles away, and here he just phoned—no idea how he tracked me down—saying he wanted to come over.

His voice sounded uptight, as if he still intended to get even for that night. He insisted he wanted to talk to me, and wanted to do it right away, even though I said I had company, which was a lie, and that I had a writing job I *must* finish by morning, which was true. He kept insisting, and now he's on his way, and I don't like it at all.

First my apartment: there's so damn much obvious gay stuff around here I couldn't possibly

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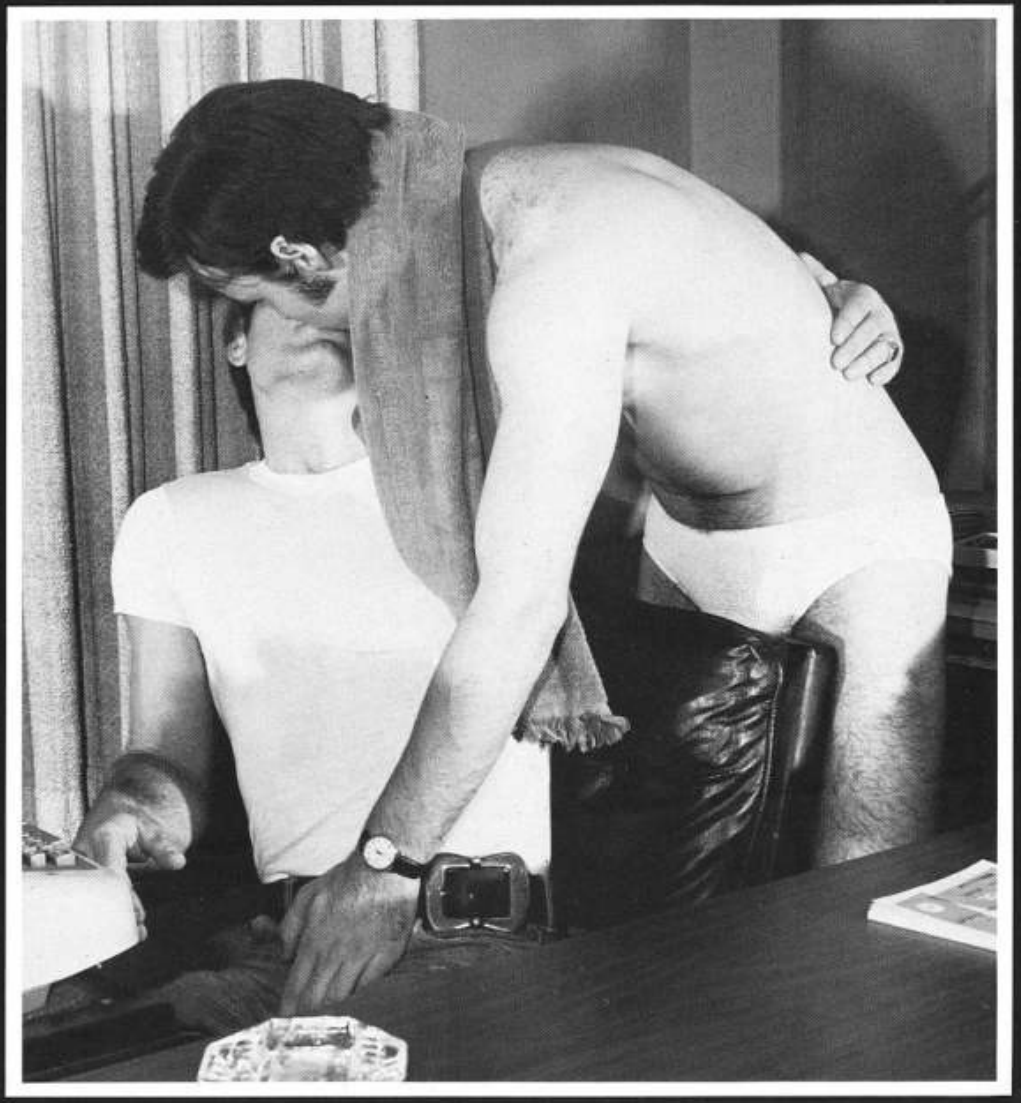

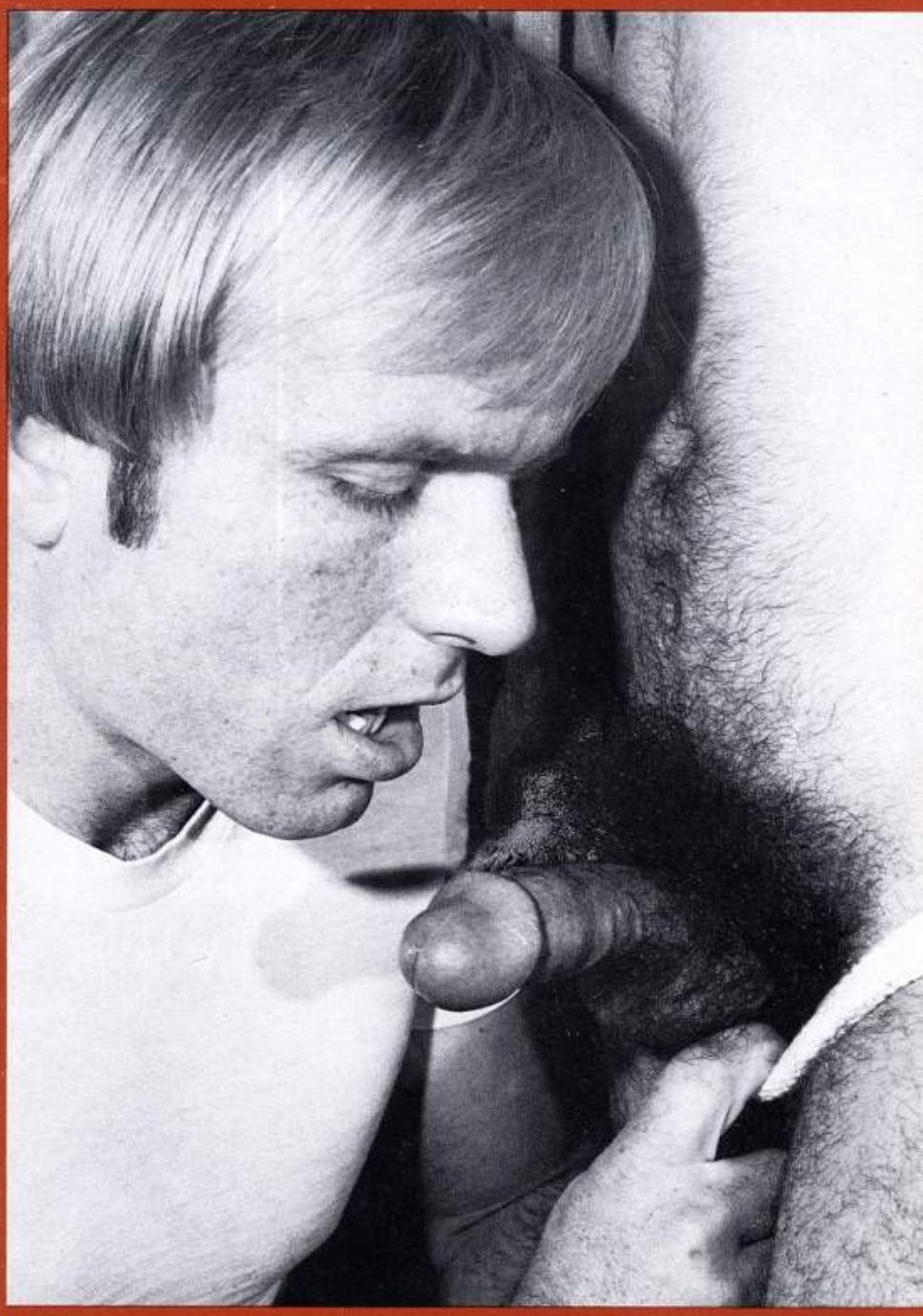

hide it all in 15 minutes—even if I was willing. But shit! We were so close, and what I did to him there's no excuse for. It wouldn't surprise me if there was one of those little newspaper items tomorrow:

"Hollywood writer found bludgeoned to death in apartment. Philip Norman, 23, who lived precariously as a free-lance writer, was found half nude in a pool of his own blood by neighbors, who heard loud struggling in the apartment shortly after 9 PM Thursday. Because there was no sign of struggle except on the bed, police assume that Norman willingly admitted his assailant to the neat apartment. Evidence indicated

that Norman was a confirmed homosexual. . . ."

"But shit!" another part of me was arguing, "Mike half asked for what I did to him!"

We were so *damn* close to being real lovers, even if it only got down to the nitty-gritty that once. I'm sorry I pushed him, but it seemed like he'd been begging for it over three years.

I worked up a sweat waiting. I stuck to my typewriter, trying to concentrate, but just messing up page after page and wadding them up angrily. I went through half a dozen cigarettes before I heard the buzzer.

Mike was all bundled up, though it didn't seem that cold out.

His greeting was somewhere between casual and stiff. Mine was worse. He almost shoved me to get in, because I blocked the door, still not sure I wanted him coming in, though it wasn't really deliberate.

I led him to my study. It was more businesslike, and had less obvious gay stuff around. I started out like a business interview:

"What can I do for you?" And would you believe, I was leaning back in my swivel chair with my fingers held up like a tent?

"I just got to town. I'm tired and broke, though I got $300 coming General Delivery in a day or so. Wonderin if you could put an old buddy up for a few days?"

"Old buddy—hell!" I thought.

Except for a very slight fishing-type inflection, his voice sounded impersonal.

I stammered out a series of excuses, which he seemed to expect. He sat there calmly till I reluctantly consented. I felt he'd known I would.

And damn! He looked better than ever! My prong rose as soon as he came in the room, but there was a cold spot near the base of my spine. I was bigger and huskier, since I work out, wrestling, weight-lifting and sparring to stave off writer's paunch. But I was afraid of him, trembling in my fucking pants. Or else it was my feeling of guilt.

We'd double-dated all through high school, and he really seemed to be playing the same game I was, always finding excuses to ditch

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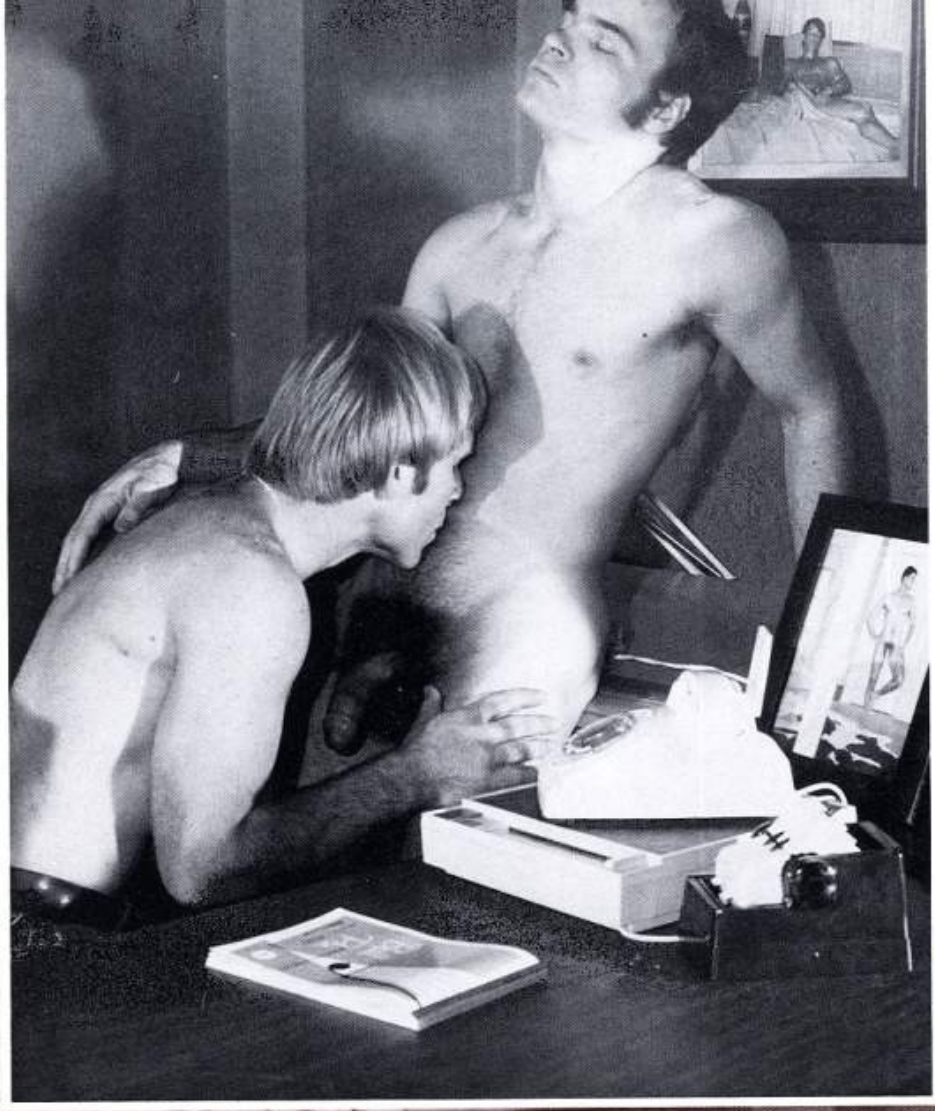

our chicks early so we'd have a few hours alone together. We'd dressed together before dates or before going swimming or to the gym, compared sizes hundreds of times. We were fairly relaxed even about handling each other, long as it stayed innocent.

Sometimes we even sat in my old Plymouth for hours after dropping our dates, half arm-in-arm, buddy-buddy like, and me having the hots for him but knowing better than to push things too far. But hell! He'd have a hard-on those times too. Then he'd get off on religion. His folks were Pentecostals, and in their view, everything that felt good was a sin.

I'd already gone "all the way" with two other guys, even if I hadn't yet thought of myself as different. I knew how I wanted Mike.

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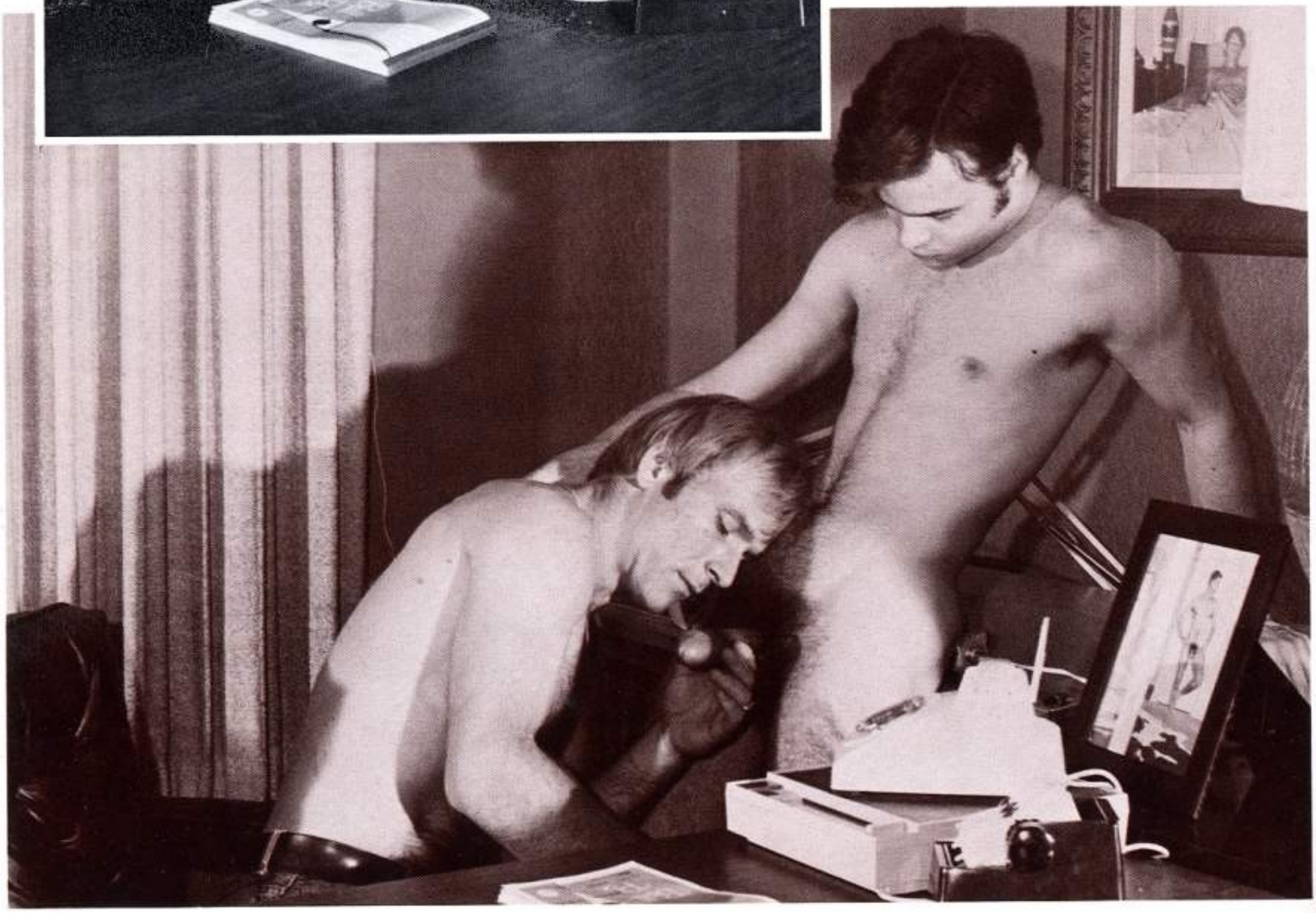

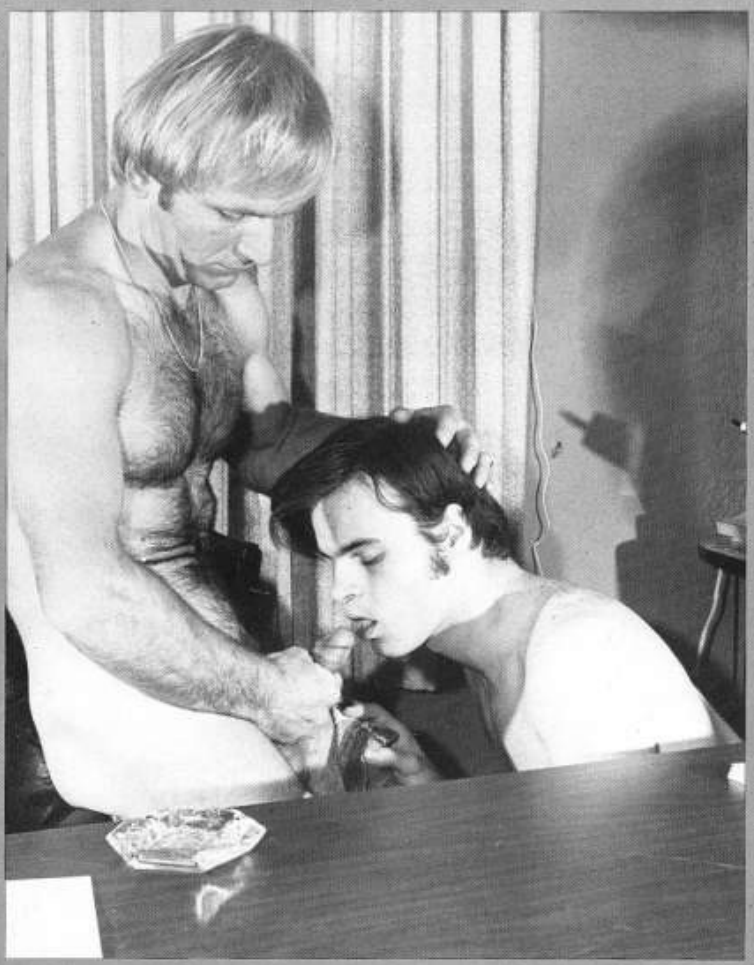

Then one night we'd parked way out on the beach, talking about our plans for when school was over. We'd left Marjie Jane and Denise off an hour before, and things were getting real heavy with Mike and me: eternal friendship talk, in italics yet. I'd had my head down on his shoulder and both his hands were on my leg, near my crotch. Then he said he had to take a pee.

We left the car, went behind some bushes. He took his penis out, too hard to be able to pee. His pants were all the way open with his belt undone. I kept watching him rubbing it, telling him he'd never be able to pee if he kept playing with it. Then suddenly I just went off my rock.

I tackled him, threw him face down in the sand, and before I knew what I was doing, my penis was up his rectum. It must of been a sandy fuck. My meat was rubbed raw. He screamed and cursed and threatened to kill me if I ever let him up.

Then I guess something he said —I don't remember what— knocked the life outa me. I rolled off him, almost hoping he would kill me. He got up cursing hell's-fire, gave me a nasty kick in the kidney, and pulled his pants up. I lay there wanting to die. Mike walked back to town, wouldn't get in the car even when I caught up with him later. He said he'd never speak to me again, and didn't—until tonight.

And here he is sitting at my desk, looking better than ever, except for being uptight. Half of me wants to rape him again, and the other half to get rid of him fast and final.

We spend some 20 minutes trying to make conversation, him asking if I'd heard what Rosalee Watkins or Josh Hawkes were doing now, and if I'd seen the new shopping centers back home. I was feeling increasingly unhappy about the whole unwelcome visit.

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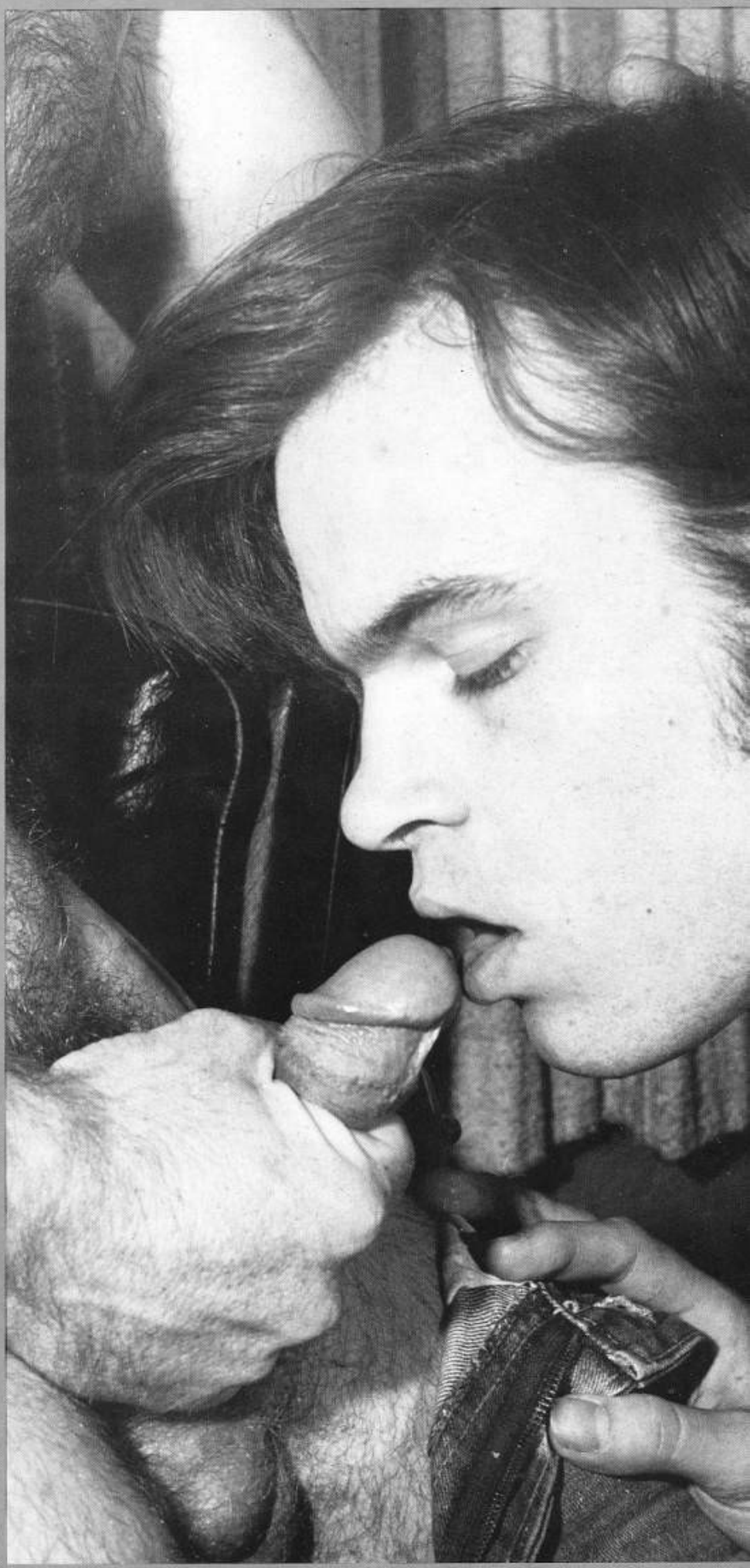

Finally I just told him he could use the second bedroom down the hall, that I'd already put out towels for him to shower, and that I had to get my nose to the grindstone. I turned back to typing before he pulled himself up from the chair and stretched. I was wishing he hadn't done that, because it made me want to hug him around the waist. I barely managed to keep my self-control, even when I heard him in the shower, whistling old tunes we used to dance to out at Deppens' on East Beach.

It was torture hearing him shower. I was visualizing every inch and movement of his torso. I almost could put myself into the bar of soap that was caressing him. And I could have knifed him in the gut, given half the chance!

Then I tore up my manuscript and began writing just what I felt about Mike, then and now. That got me so steamed up I didn't hear him come back in the room.

Suddenly his hands were clasped soft over my eyes—a playful gesture—and no hostility at all in the way he touched me.

My blood froze (and isn't that a hell of a cliché for a supposedly sophisticated writer?). But his hands felt beautiful, loving, our first touch in six years. I hadn't

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even shook his hand when he came in the apartment.

He began reading the last lines I'd typed: *"How can I forgive myself for violating him, violating his trust and my love? Yet I hate him, wish him dead. His every breath reproaches what I am. . . ."*

His voice trembled as he said, "How can I forgive *myself* for cursing and kicking what I wanted more'n anything in the world?"

Then I came out with the year's silliest line: "You mean you. . . ?"

He bent over and kissed me. My hand somehow got around his waist. I also pissed my pants. I've never done that before!

I mentioned it and he laughed. And I just sat there. His briefs barely covered the head of his upturned penis, and when he shifted his hip, it popped out, rosy and

succulent, with a lovely drop of liquor at the tip, just inches from my face.

I didn't even decide to go down on him. It just fell into my mouth, and my face hugged his warm, trembling abdomen.

"Oh God, Phil, you don't know how many times before that last night and since I've wished you'd have done that. I know I was awful uptight about sex, but I think, if you'd come at me *this* way first, I'd of made it over the hump, some way. The other way—Mom used to talk about doing it like filthy dogs, and when you rolled me down, I just flipped."

His meat was nectar in my mouth, more beautiful than any other I've tasted. From being half ready to cry, I got to feeling ready to go dancing with him down the

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street, in the altogether, like an old Maypole dance.

"I went into church seminary," he said, his hands caressing my head and then down my back, raising my T-shirt, "after you left. I knew all along it was myself I was fighting, that half the other seminarians was doing what I was afraid of. A couple guys I liked even wanted to ball me, and I wanted to, but I'd pledged if I ever let the barrier down, it'd be with you. But finding you wasn't easy. Your family wouldn't none of them speak to me, and I don't blame them."

He'd started coming, several spaced-out spurts, sweet and full in my mouth. He'd bent over, running his lips down my back. We didn't talk for some time, but the communication seemed fuller and more intimate, without words.

We kissed, long and deep, while he reached inside my pants. Then he went down on me, soft at first, then he sucked like a wild man, coming up just once to say, "If this is what they were passing out in the Garden of Eden, no wonder Eve liked it."

"Adam too," I laughed.

When I was just about to spurt, his hands began to press all over my stomach and chest. He stopped again to say how much my hairiness had always fascinated him, but before he'd finished, he got my cum all over his face.

"Could you move stuff offa the desk?" he asked. "I'd like you to lay down on it and me make love to you all over. I been dreaming about doing that ever since I saw you in Freshman English."

It was almost more than I could take. He may have been a virgin, but his instincts sure were perfect. I took his tongue and finger treatment for about 15 minutes, then told him if he didn't climb up over me so I could return the compliment, I'd go off my rock.

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The idea of 69 was something he couldn't get with at first—"Goddammit, Philip, I can't concentrate on both ends at the same time!"

"You just do what you're doing, love, and let me take care of the other end," I said, then headed my tongue into the hole I had violated years before.

This time, reception was good. He wiggled in delight as I lapped up his testicles, and almost went crazy when my tongue forced open his anus.

He jumped down off the desk, his manner that of a five-year-old boy's. "Could we go in one of the bedrooms, Phil? I want to suck you some more, then I want you to rape me again."

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